These letters will resolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him.
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holie king Henrie, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried;
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do throgh the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction.
This is Alsoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Whie then Alsoules day, is my bodies domesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found,
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith, of him I trusted most:
This, this Alsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determind respit of my wrongs:
What high al-seer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieast.
Thus doeth he force the swords of wicked men.
To turne their owne pointes, on their maisters bosome:
Now Margarets curse, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Prophetesse,
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment.
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines

Lines of faire comfort, and incou
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurp
That spoild your summer-fields,
Swils your warme bloud like wa
In your inboweld bosomes, this
Lies now euen in the center of th
Neare to the towne of Leycester
From Tamworth thither, is but
In Gods name cheere on, courag
To reape the harueſt of perpetu
By this one bloudie triall of shar
1. *Lo.* Euerie mans conscienc
To fight against that bloudie ho
2. *Lo.* I doubt not but his fri
3. *Lo.* He hath no friends, bu
Which in his greatest need will
Rich. All for our vantage, the
True hope is swift, and flies wit
Kings it make Gods, and meane
Enter King Richard, N
Catesbie, wi
King. Here pitch our tents,
Whie, how now Catesbie, why
Cat. My heart is ten times lig
King. Norffolke, come hithe
Norffolke, we must haue knock
Norff. We must both giue, a
King. Vp with my tent ther
But where to morrow, well all
Who hath discried the numbe
Norff. Six or seuen thousand
King. Why our battailon t
Besides the kings name is a tow
Which they vpon the aduerse
Vp with my tent there, valian
Let vs suruey the vantage of th
Call for some men of sound di
Lets want no discipline, make